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POOR ROBINS
Hue and Cry
AFTER
GOOD HOUSE-KEEPING.
OR,
A DIALOGUE
BETWIXT
Good House-Keeping, Christmas, and Pride.

Shewing how *Good House-Keeping* is grown out of Date both in City and Country, and *Christmas* become only a meer name, and not to be found by Feasting in Gentlemens Houses, but only by Red-Letters in *Almanacks*. And how the Money that should go to Feast the Poor at *Christmas* is spent upon the maintenance of *Pride*, with how many Trades are maintained by *Pride*, and how many undone for want of *Good House-Keeping*.

Good House-Keeping *is Banished,*
And Pride *is come up in its stead.*

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A DIALOGUE

Betwixt *Good Houſe-Keeping* and *Pride*.

Good-Houſekeeping.

WEll! I ſee I muſt be gone, there is no Remedy.

Pride.

Why what is the matter *Good-Houſekeeping?*

Good-Houſekeeping.

Pox take thee (if thou haſt it not already) 'tis long of thee that I muſt trudge, for when *Pride* came up *Good-Houſekeeping* went down; when *Pride* came in Faſhion, *Good-Houſekeeping* was Baniſht the Nation.

Pride.

Ha, ha, ha, why thou inconſiderate fellow, doſt thou not know that I am reſpected and eſteemed by the whole Nation, from the Lord to the Lout, from the City-Madam to the Country-Milkmaid, and how thou art ſhut out of doors to make room for me.

Good-Houſekeeping.

Now the foul ill light upon thee for ſo diſplacing me, who formerly was reſpected and entertained by the chiefeſt and beſt of all the Nation, when a Luſty Old Knight, and a boon brave Squire went attended with ten, twenty, or thirty proper Serving-men, all now Epitomized to a two or three Animals, *viz.* a Butterfly-Page, a trotting Footman, and a ſtiff-drinking Coachman; when my Lady *Minkin* takes ſuch a thrifty Order, that all the meat in the Kitchin ſhall be cheaper than the waſhing and Painting of her Viſage; when you may ſit a-cold by the Kitchin-Fire, and the Hooks of the Buttery-door grow ruſty for want of opening. Well fare the heart of *Poor Robin*, who in his Almanack of 1684. plainly deſcribed this change from better to worſe.

Good-Houſekeeping *alas is dead,*
And Pride *is come up in its ſtead;*
The Cook *and* Butler *turn'd to Graſs,*
Being uſeleſs as the times now paſs;
And a Footboy kept in their place
In every Seam bedawb'd with Lace:
Four Horſes kept to draw a Coach,
And doors faſt barr'd that none approach

The

The Buttery-door as needs it must
The Hinges Eaten up with Rust.
The Kitchin that a cold may ke,
For little Fire you in it see,
Perhaps a pair of Cards is going,
And that's the chiefest matter doing.

Here you see, you Butterfly Upstart, that this Author (well known all *England* over, and who I warrant you would entertain me kindly, had he but an Estate to maintain me) imputes the cause of my expulsion only to you, for *Pride's intrusion is Good-housekeepings confusion*, and the Money that should go to buy Beef, Pork, and Mutton, to feast the Poor at *Christmas*, is employ'd on Ribbons, Knots, and Towers, to make the Baby *Pride* a pretty Puppet.

Pride.

Why thou Techy Envious Out-cast, know'st thou not how many Trades live by me, and have all or most of their dependency from me? were not I so much in request, the Mercer, Silkman, Silk-weaver, Taylor, Embroiderer, Perriwig-maker, Feather-maker, and most of your Tradesmen in the *Exchange*, might shut up shop and keep Holy-day for any thing they would have to do.

Good-Housekeeping.

And thou foreman of the Seven Deadly Sins, how many thousand poor People fare the worse for want of me: besides the detriment done to Butchers, Cooks, Poulterers, Fishwives, Butlers, Serving-men, and hundreds more besides, who by my Banishment are some of them quite undone, and the rest much Empoverish'd in their Trades? But here comes my old friend *Christmas*, I know that he will take my part.

Christmas.

Why how now *Good-Housekeeping*! you and I have been great strangers of late; what Fantastick is this you are talking with?

Good-Housekeeping.

Why this is the great Favourite of the times, *Monsieur Pride.*

Christmas.

Ah *Good-Housekeeping*, what brave times have thou and I known formerly, when men kept not only great Houses but large Kitchins, and those Kitchins gave employment for three or four Cooks; the Master of the House being one that wore no other Shirts but of the Flax that grew on his own Ground, and of his Wives, Daughters, or Servants spinning; whose Stockings, Hose, and Jerkin, were

of the Wool of his own Sheeps backs; who never by his Pride of Apparel, cauſed Mercer, Draper, Silkman, Taylor, or Haberdaſher, to break and turn Bankrupt; and yet this plain home-ſpun fellow, would keep and maintain half a hundred Servants or more, and every day relieve three or fourſcore poor People at his Gate; and every year when *Chriſtmas* came to Town, invite three or four hundred of his Neighbours to dinner, where they ſhould not only feed but feaſt, and not feaſt but banquet.

Where Pig, Goose, Turkey, Capon, Cunny,
What might be had for his Money;
Plum-Pudding and Furmity,
Mutton-Paſties, Chriſtmas-*Pye;*
Nappy-Ale a full Carrouſe
To the Maſter of the Houſe:
Syder, Perry, and Strong Beer
For to waſh down their good Cheer.

Theſe were men whoſe greateſt care was to practiſe the Works of Piety, Charity, and Hoſpitality; and not the conſuming Art of Faſhionleſs Faſhions: They never tried their ſtrength to carry four or five hundred Acres of Land at their Back at once: Then was ſoft Cloathing only in Kings Courts, but now you know not my Lady from her Maid; and it would make a Horſe to break his Crupper with laughing to ſee *Jone Fiddle-Faddle*, whoſe Portion amounts not to two Groats and two Pence, yet deckt up with Ribbons and Towers as fine as a *Bartholomew-Baby*, after ſhe is come from Church (whither ſhe went only to ſhew her fine Cloaths) with a Swill-Pail in her hands ſerving of Hogs.

Pride.

Marry and they are to be commended; to go brave is the only way to get them Husbands, and when they are Married let their Husbands look after it to maintain them.

Good-Houſekeeping.

That man who is ſped with ſuch a Wife, had far better to marry one made of Gingerbread, for when he is an-hungry ſhe will ſerve to fill his Belly, and no more then need, for ſince ſo much is laid out upon the Tail, there is little Proviſion made for the Mouth.

Chriſtmas.

Much leſs to entertain Neighbours at *Chriſtmas*, at which time formerly you might ſmell the ſcent of Roaſt-Beef and Minc'd-Pies

a Quarter of a Mile off from a Gentlemans Houſe, and hardly get to the Gate for the Crowd of Beggars; when the Porter would welcome ye to the Houſe with a *Pray walk in Sir*: But now you may catch you a heat with knocking at the Gate, for all the Fire in the Kitchin Chimney will ſcarcely do it. So now Cooks are out of Employment, Butlers turn'd out of Doors, a Servingmans Dinner two Sprats and a half, and the Trencher-ſcraper no work to do, becauſe there no Trenchers are foul.

Good-Houſekeeping.

A very thrifty way, like the man that ſtarv'd his Cattle to ſave Provender.

Pride.

I'le juſtifie it, there has been more ſpent in exceſs at one *Chriſtmas*, then would maintain all my Children in fine Cloaths a whole Year after.

Chriſtmas.

Your Children with a Murrain! and who knows not that the Off-ſpring of *Pride* comes from the Lineage of *Lucifer*, a goodly Pedigree indeed, which if rightly conſidered,

Then Jack *and* Jill, *and* John-a-Drones *his Iſſue,*
Would not be trapped thus in Gold and Tiſſue.

Then ſhould Men be Honoured and Reverenc'd for their Bounty, Liberality, Good-Houſekeeping, and other Vertues befitting a Gentleman, and not for a tawdry out-ſide.

For is it not a fooliſh vile miſtaking
To honour things that are a Taylors making?

Good-Houſekeeping.

Well, for all this Upſtart *Pride* is now in ſuch requeſt, I hope to ſee good days once more, and *Chriſtmas* come in faſhion again, and Cooks be employed in their Old Trade of Boyling, Broiling, Roaſting, Toaſting, Slicing, Brewing, Baking, Frying, Mincing, Cutting, and all to employ People in eating: for a Cook is then a Man of great repute, as being Monarch of the Marrow-Bones, Duke of the Dripping-Pan, Marquis of the Mutton, Lord High Regent of the Spit and the Kettle, Baron of the Gridiron, and Sole Commander of the Frying-Pan.

Chriſtmas.

Now I'le be judge by all the poor People in *England*, if to ſpend two hundred Pound in good Houſekeeping at *Chriſtmas*, be not more becoming a Gentleman, then to carry five hundred Acres of

Land

and on his back in a Suit of Cloaths, for which he gains no other praise but only to be said to be *more Proud then wise.*

Good-Housekeeping.

This Sin of *Pride* we find the *English* to have been formerly too much addicted unto, as we may read in the Book called *Eulogium*, set forth about the time of King *Edward* the Third. *The Commons* (saith that Author) *were Besotted in excess of Apparel, in wide Surcoats reaching to their Loins, some in a Garment reaching to their Heels, close before and strouting out on the sides, so that on the Back they make Men seem Women, and this they call by a ridiculous name,* Gown: *Their Hoods are little, tyed under the Chin, and Button'd like the Womens, but set with Gold, Silver, and Precious Stones: Their* Lirripipes *reach to their Heels all jagged. They have another Weed of Silk which they call a* Paltock; *their Hose are of two Colours, or Pied with more, which with Latchets which they call* Herlots, *they tie to their* Paltocks *without any Breeches. Their Girdles are of Gold and Silver, some with* 20 *marks, their Shooes and Pattens are snouted and piked, more then a Finger long, crooking upwards, which they call* Crackows, *resembling the* Devil's Claws, *which were fastned to the Knees with Chains of Gold and Silver, and these* (saith my Author) *were Lyons in the Hall, and Hares in the Field*; too fine for to fight.

Christmas.

But this Pride was only used by Rich men, for Poor People could not go to the cost of it: but now every *Tom-Ladle*, and *Jill-Flurt* do so flaunt it with Towers, Ribbons, and other gew-gaws, that you do not know *Jack* from a Gentleman, nor *Minks* the Maid from her Lady or Mistress.

Good-Housekeeping.

I wish all *Skip-Jacks* who are of that proud humour, were served as Sir *Philip Calthrop* served one *John Drakes* of *Norwich*. This Knight bought on a time as much fine *French* Tawney Cloth as should make him a Gown, and sent it to the Taylors to be made. *John Drake* coming to the Taylors, and seeing the Knights Gown-Cloth lying there, liking it well, caused the Taylor to buy him as much of the same Cloth and Price to the same Intent, and bad him make it of the same Fashion that the Knight would have his made of. Not long after the Knight coming to the Taylors to take measure of his Gown, perceiving the like Gown-Cloth lying there, asked of the Taylor whose it was? Quoth he it is *John Drakes* the Shoomaker, who will have it made of the self-same fashion that yours is: In good time

(said

(ſaid the Knight) I will have mine made as full of Cuts as thy Shears can make it, to which the Taylor agreed; and in ſhort ſpace made them both up, it being againſt *Chriſtmas Day*: but when *John Drake* ſaw his Gown ſo full of Cuts, he began to ſwear at the Taylor for making his Gown in that ſort. I have done nothing (quoth the Taylor) but that you bad me, for as Sir *Philip Calthrop's* is, ſo have I made yours. By my Latchet quoth *John Drake*, I will never wear Gentlemans faſhion again.

Chriſtmas.

Indeed he was ſerved right in his kind, for *Engliſhmen* know not what faſhion to follow: as was well intimated by Doctor *Bourd*, who painted for an *Engliſhman* a Proper fellow naked with a pair of Taylors Shears in one hand, and a piece of Cloth on his Arm with theſe Rhimes.

I am an Engliſhman, *and naked I ſtand here,*
Muſing in my Mind what Garments I ſhall wear;
For now I will wear this, and now I will wear that:
And now I will wear I cannot tell what,
All new Faſhions be pleaſant to me. &c.

Pride.

Say what you will, and do what you can, yet ſtill ſhall I be reſpected. Do not you know that many will pinch their own bellies to maintain me, and make Lute-ſtrings of their Guts to clad their backs in Bravery! and can you think that thoſe who will ſtarve themſelves to uphold me, will feaſt others for the name of good Houſholders; ſurely your over-feeding hath made you forgetfull: how many young Worthies will pawn their Honeſty to maintain their Finery, and to make their Tail fine, will make uſe of their Tail, although they be whipped for it at the Carts Tail.

Good-Houſekeeping.

Indeed *Pride* and *Leachery* are two fit Companions,, and both equally deſtructive to *Good-Houſekeeping*: to maintain which two Vices *Good-Houſekeeping* is laid aſide, and *Chriſtmas* grown quite out of date, nay they cannot afford ſo good a Fiſh Dinner as was at the *Counter-Scuffle.*

Eels *boyl'd and broil'd*; *and next they bring,*
Herring, *that is the* Fiſhes *King*;
And then a Courtly Poul *of* Ling,
and Muſtard.

Pride.

Pride.

Ha, ha, ha, I had thought my coſtly Miſtreſs *Good-Houſekeeping*, and my dainty Dame *Chriſtmas*, had been vaniſhed away in a Fume of *Tobacco*, or hurried out of *England* in a *Coach*, for ever ſince they were known, the other came to be inviſible.

Herenpon *Good-Houſekeeping* vaniſhed away, and *Chriſtmas* became a meer *Skeleton* or ſhadow, having little more left then the bare Title and Name: with the thought whereof the Spits and Dripping-Pans in moſt Houſes grow ruſty; and the Caldrons which uſed to be filled with Beef, Pork, and Mutton to feaſt Good Fellows, now grow Canker'd; upon conſideration of which, that thoſe neceſſary utenſils belonging to *Good-Houſekeeping* might not be ſpoil'd for want of uſe, the Author thought good to ſend a *Hue and Cry* after the ſaid *Good-Houſekeeping* as follows.

The Hue and Cry.

Whereas an Ancient, Reverend, Late Worſhipful Gentleman, formerly a great retainer to Noblemen, Knights, and Gentlemen, and much reſpected amongſt the Honeſt Yeomen and wealthy Farmers of the whole Country, known by the Name or Appellation of *Good-Houſekeeping*: hath by the ſly inſinuations and bewitched perſuaſions of an upſtart *Skip Jack* called by his true name *Pride*, but by his Friends and Adorers by the name of *Decency* and *Handſomeneſs*: Moſt unjuſtly and unworthily hath juſtled, perſecuted, and made to fly the ſaid *Good-Houſekeeping* from his Ancient Habitations, and Places of reſidence, together with his old friend *Chriſtmas*, with his four Pages, *Roaſt-Beef*, *Minc'd-Pies*, *Plumb-Pudding*, and *Furmity*, who uſed to be his conſtant Attendants, but now are grown ſo inviſible they cannot be ſeen by poor People, nor good Fellows as formerly they uſed to be. Theſe are therefore to deſire, will, and require you, if any Perſon can tell where this *Good-Houſekeeping* doth reſide, that he will deſire him perſonally to appear this *Chriſtmas* in Noblemens, Knights, Gentlemens, and Yeomens Houſes as formerly he uſed to do, whereby he will gain great Credit to all the aforeſaid Perſons, and ſhall be Entertained with the Ringing of Bells, Sounding of Trumpets, Beating of Drums, and Acclamations of all Good People.

And Fidlers ſhall ſtrike up their Pipes and Play,
And every one for joy keep Holyday.

FINIS.

A 1633.